

State	Electoral	Popular	Ratio
Alabama	9	100,000	1 to 11,111
Arkansas	7	100,000	1 to 14,285
California	9	1,000,000	1 to 111,111
Colorado	3	100,000	1 to 33,333
Connecticut	7	1,000,000	1 to 142,857
Delaware	3	100,000	1 to 33,333
Florida	9	1,000,000	1 to 111,111
Georgia	9	1,000,000	1 to 111,111
Illinois	11	1,000,000	1 to 90,909
Indiana	11	1,000,000	1 to 90,909
Iowa	9	1,000,000	1 to 111,111
Kansas	7	1,000,000	1 to 142,857
Kentucky	7	1,000,000	1 to 142,857
Louisiana	7	1,000,000	1 to 142,857
Maine	7	1,000,000	1 to 142,857
Maryland	7	1,000,000	1 to 142,857
Massachusetts	7	1,000,000	1 to 142,857
Michigan	11	1,000,000	1 to 90,909
Minnesota	7	1,000,000	1 to 142,857
Mississippi	7	1,000,000	1 to 142,857
Missouri	9	1,000,000	1 to 111,111
Montana	3	100,000	1 to 33,333
Nebraska	7	1,000,000	1 to 142,857
Nevada	3	100,000	1 to 33,333
New Hampshire	7	1,000,000	1 to 142,857
New Jersey	7	1,000,000	1 to 142,857
New York	35	1,000,000	1 to 28,571
North Carolina	7	1,000,000	1 to 142,857
Ohio	11	1,000,000	1 to 90,909
Oregon	3	100,000	1 to 33,333
Pennsylvania	11	1,000,000	1 to 90,909
Rhode Island	3	100,000	1 to 33,333
South Carolina	7	1,000,000	1 to 142,857
Tennessee	7	1,000,000	1 to 142,857
Texas	11	1,000,000	1 to 90,909
Vermont	3	100,000	1 to 33,333
Virginia	7	1,000,000	1 to 142,857
West Virginia	5	100,000	1 to 20,000
Wisconsin	7	1,000,000	1 to 142,857
Total	534	10,000,000	1 to 18,750

Necessary to a choice, 181.

In Two Chapters.

Young man.
Some money.
Very funny.
Runs a while.
Breaks, of course.
Clears the way.
For "Another Home."

An Awful Revenge.

An awful case of the consequence of refusing a young man's honorable love is reported on the West Side. A really nice young man fell in love with a handsome girl, the only daughter of a handsome and well-preserved widow of thirty-eight, and offered her marriage. She ridiculed him because he was twenty-six, and said he was old enough to be her father, and so on, and with her taunts goaded him to such a pitch of frenzy that he swore he would be fearfully revenged. Accordingly he proposed to and married the wretched girl's mother. Now that wretched girl has to wear stout leather boots two sizes too large for her, and go to bed at nine P. M., and eschew the theatre, chocolate caramels, ice cream and in fact, everything else that makes life worth living for, her step-father's nominal object being that when she grows up she may be as splendidly-mannered a woman as her mother, the compliment implied in this inducing the mother to second him enthusiastically. When a young man comes round to see that wretched girl her step-father bounces him down the front steps, throws his hat after him, and tells the wretched girl that the young man is not a fit companion for her and that he is so solicitous for her future as he would be for that of his own child, and altogether, in the kindest manner possible, he makes that wretched girl even wish she were dead as many as a hundred times a day. Let all other beautiful girls who are tempted to refuse the matrimonial offers of eligible young men be warned by her unhappy fate. —[Alta California.]

For Husbands Only.

A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, writing from California, says:— "A cure for wife-whipping was authorized by the last Legislature of Nevada. The authorities of Austin, a mining town in that State, have erected a whipping-post to punish summarily the wretches who abuse their wives by blows. We wish it were practical to apply appropriate correction to the no less unmanly tyranny of unfeeling exaction and cruel words by which too many husbands keep their wives in never-ending torment. If man had the brains he boasts he would speak ever kindly to the mother of his household, if it were only for his selfish motives. Make your wife happy by tender and affectionate treatment, and you will make your home a paradise more precious than gold and costly mansions. We admire the Hindoo parable and believe its instructions that describes a woman at the gates of heaven praying that her naughty husband might be admitted. "He was ever kind and true to me, and if you would make me happy I must share with my husband." Instantly the portals opened and the angel bid him enter. "Because of thy wife's prayer thy sins are forgiven. Who live in harmony on earth in heaven are not divided."

Mr. James G. Fair, the coming Senator from Nevada, is of Irish birth, and is 49 years old. While a boy he lived in California, and in time became a superintendent of mines. In addition to his fortune made from the Big Bonanza mines he owns nearly 100,000 acres in various parts of San Francisco. He suffers from rheumatism. He is of medium height and heavy, with a large beard streaked with gray.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1880.

WHOLE NUMBER 454.

"The Old Folks at Home."

It is natural for young people to marry, and, once married, to fly from the old nest and build a new one. It is more likely that those who woo and win are wooed and won in country places; should fly farther than those who live in great cities, where, at furthest, a long walk or a five-cent ride only lies between them.

But who can visit the pleasant rural spots to which summer heats drive every citizen who can command a holiday, without feeling an emotion of pity for the old folks who linger on in the homesteads once filled by a large family, where babies were born and children played and grew, where the girls bided into a knowledge of the city fashions and a desire to take lessons on the piano and the boys whittled at the wood-work and had pillow fights at midnight, and forgot to drive home the cows; and where, despite maternal lectures and paternal floggings, the opinion secretly obtained that never were such wonderful children born on earth before! We can see it all as we look at the old house. How, one day, Silas Jones saw Kitty home from afternoon church. How mother was a little flustered when Kitty first entertained Silas in the parlor all by herself, and asked father if he remembered their old courtship days. How Kitty was married, and Lilly, and May, and Fannie followed her example. How Jack, having a chance to go into a wholesale house in New York, went off one morning, half glad half sorry. How Will took to the sea, and ran away with a bundle on his shoulder. How Charlie, the pride of his parents, studied theology and graduated, and "had a call" to some far-off Western town. And then Jack wrote that he was to be married, and Charlie took a Western wife, and Will—the mother hopes that Will will come back some day, but the father knows that he sailed in the Clyde, and that the Clyde's fate is unknown. And they are all gone, scattered over the wide country, coming home less and less frequently as years roll on. Now and then there is a visit, but never again will all that household be together as in the old days—never again. The younger ones grow used to it; even, perhaps, quite forget that they ever cared, but the old folks sit and wait. The gray hairs grow grayer. The wrinkles come into their faces. They look wistfully at each other across the empty table. It seems all right. What could parents wish for, (if only Will could come back), asks the mother of herself; daughters well married; sons well thought of—rising men, each in his walk of life. But oh! how lonely they are! Oh, to have the house full of children again—of young people to hope for and plan for! And the land is so wide, journeys so long and so expensive! They shake their heads. "We can't expect them to come often," says the father.

"And, I suppose," responds the mother, "that Jack is too busy to write more than he does."

Ab, they make apologies for you who grow more careless of them every year. But I am not writing to them but to you, who, growing busier every year, forget so often. It is but a little while, only a little while, remember. Don't forget them quite. Go down to the old place when you can, write if you must steal hours from sleep to do it. Show those "old folks at home" that your heart is with them still in the old homestead where they bore life burden gladly, for your sake, in their prime. Do not let them feel themselves deserted as they draw near to the valley of the shadow. —[Mary Kyle Dallas.]

THESE TERRIBLE REBELS.

When the Janesville Guards and Illinois militia reached Nashville the other day on their way to Atlanta, they found six thousand men waiting to receive them at the Depot. The Rebels pretended to be friendly, and gave our boys three rousing cheers, when they conducted them to a long table and for an hour they were subjected to every indignity that the devilish ingenuity of the traitors could invent, or the season afford. There was baked chicken, turkey and cranberry sauce, oysters in every style, and when our poor boys left that table, some of them were in almost a dying condition. The same outrage was repeated at Atlanta. And yet there are men who tell us that a Northern man is perfectly safe in the South! —[Peck's Sun.]

Fence board advertisements are well enough, but if you are desirous of purchasing an article, it is easier and more convenient to look through the columns of a newspaper to see who has it for sale, than it is to "hook up" a team and drive around the country reading the fence signs. —[Lockport Union.]

How to Have Ice Next Summer.

A great many people do without ice in the summer—though the ponds and streams at their doors furnish an abundant supply every winter—simply because they imagine that an expensive icehouse is needed to hold the ice. A gentleman who once labored under the same delusion, describes in the Tribune the experience by which he was led to store his summer supply of ice successfully, without an icehouse, after paying dearly in disappointment, loss of ice, and loss of money, through having "too much icehouse." He was convinced of his error by the circumstance that the more pains he took with his icehouse the more rapidly his ice melted, while a neighbor who had no icehouse at all always had plenty of ice. The practice of the latter was simply to pile his ice in a square body under a cowshed having a Northern exposure, the first layer of ice being raised above the ground so as to secure good drainage, and the whole covered thickly with sawdust. Boards set on end around the ice pile served to keep the sawdust in place. The gentleman referred to says: "A pile of ice six feet high, eight feet wide, and eight feet long will make three hundred and eighty-four cubic feet. And this is enough for the use of an ordinary family for the table and to cool the cream, etc. Six team loads fill an ice house which contains about four hundred cubic feet. The blocks should be cut as smooth as possible and square, so they will fit closely, and then ice must be chopped up fine and crowded in between the pieces so as to make it a solid mass. The closer the ice is packed, the better it will keep. When an icehouse is too close, there is a great deal of condensation, which makes the whole contents wet and dripping, and causes the ice to melt rapidly. The air must be kept as dry as possible, one secret of keeping ice being plenty of ventilation. The more ice there is in a pile, the better it will keep. A small quantity must be covered deeper and thicker than a large mass. A large mass will almost keep itself. It does not require the protection of sawdust, but straw or a double wall of boards will be ample. Every person who makes butter ought to have ice. It will more than pay for use in the dairy, and then for the family it is a luxury every provident man should supply."

—[Scientific American.]

She Forgot.

When a girl concludes to put up her hair and look sweet, the best policy is to let her have her own way. She can't be drawn away from her mirror by any of the ordinary things of life. A fire may do it, but it has been shown that even a fire may fail to excite some girls. The other night a New York lodging house took fire and at a most uncomfortable hour—when most girls probably have their back hair down. One of the young ladies heard that the place was burning down, but she didn't like to make her appearance before the crowd, which had gathered in the street, looking like a perfect fright. She shut the door leading into the hall and went to the mirror to fix her hair. Anybody who has waited for a girl to fix her hair knows that it takes time and a good deal of it. This girl was not quicker than the average and she was very particular about having her hair done up exactly as it should be. The fire had cut off her chance of escape by the stairs and her lover, after appealing to her for sometime, finally lost patience and left her. A police man got up to her room on a ladder and she made him sit on the window-sill while she fixed her hair-pins and ribbons for a right sort of public appearance, and then she threw herself into his arms—it was so romantic—and slid down the ladder with him, looking just too sweet. The whole thing was a success, but when the careful young lady reached the pavement she found that she had forgotten her stockings.

FAXON APOLOGIZES.

"We want to be at peace with all the world and the rest of mankind, and if we have hurt anybody's feelings, we forgive them and hope they will never give us another opportunity to do so. Having extended this apology to people throughout the district and State we shall expect everybody to accept it and be friendly with us hereafter. If they don't, we shall continue to plod along toward heaven without them." —[Peach News.]

"Disturbance!"

"Country banker (to shaky customer)—"Are you aware Mr. Sullivan, that your account is overdrawn a hundred or so?" Sullivan—"Certainly I am sir. Don't bother me about such trifles! I don't go howling about the country when you've a hundred or so of mine! Your information is superfluous either way. Good morning, sir."

A Liberal Editor.

We were grieved to read the other day of the death of one of Michigan's jolliest editors—almost the last man of a band who published weeklies in the State when a coon-skin would pay for a column "ad," and three bushels of corn dumped on the office floor stood for a year's subscription. Never a publisher was so liberal with his space. It was hard work for him to charge for anything except the tax list and mortgage sales, and he measured short even on them. One day in the years gone by his paper copied an attack on a county official, and old Mark was dozing at his desk, when the injured party stalked in and began:—

"You are a coward, sir—a coward!"

"Mebbe I am," was the complacent reply.

"And I—I can lick you, sir—lick you out of your wrinkled old boots!"

"I guess you could," answered Mark, as he bustled the wrapper off his only exchange.

"I'm going to write an article calling you a fool, liar, scoundrel, cur, slanderer and body-snatcher, and go over to Iowa and pay five cents a line to have it published!"

"Hey!" queried the old man, as he wheeled around.

"Yes, I'll pay five cents a line to have it published!"

"Say—let me tell you something," replied Mark, "I've got 200 more circulation than the Banner, and I'll publish your attack on me for two cents a line, and take it out in mill feed or corn stalks. Don't trot over to Iowa when you can help build up your own town."

The London Telegraph.

The London Telegraph thus describes a new invention: It is not every maiden in these prosaic days who can summon the "tell-tale blood" to her cheeks at will, or silently revolt by an opportune rosy flush those inward feelings to which many young ladies experience such difficulty in giving verbal expression; but as the value of the blush as a highly effective weapon in the feminine armory is still universally recognized by the sex, though it would appear to have somewhat fallen into desuetude, French ingenuity has been at the pains of devising a mechanical appliance for the instantaneous production of a fine natural glow upon the cheek of beauty, no matter how constitutional lymphatic or philosophically unemotional its propriety may be. This thoughtful contrivance is called the "The ladies' blushing bonnet," to the side ribbon of which—those actually tied under the fair wearer's chin—are attached two tiny, but powerful, steel springs, ending in round pads, which are brought to bear upon the temporal arteries by the action of bowing the head, one exquisitely appropriate to modest embarrassment, and, by artificially forcing blood into the cheeks, cause them to be suffused with "the crimson hue of shame" at a moment's notice. Should these ingenious head coverings become the fashion among girls of the period it will behoove young men about to marry to take a sly peep behind the bonnet strings of their blushing charmers immediately after proposing, in order to satisfy themselves that the heightened color by then interpreted as an involuntary admission of reciprocated affection, is not due to the agency of a carefully adjusted "blushing bonnet."

The St. Louis Journal of Commerce says: "A Chicago wholesale grocery which, a few years ago, carried sixteen drummers at an expense of \$40,000 per annum, and did an almost profitless business, has abandoned the drummer system, spends one-fourth their cost annually in newspaper advertising and divides the rest among the customers. As a natural result the trade has increased tenfold, and the net profit to the house last year was \$130,000."

When a man apparently escapes the consequences of wrong doing he is apt to feel that he will always enjoy the same immunity; but the time is pretty sure to come when he will get tripped up and suffer from a severe fall. He is like the ill-fated Dutchman who froze his nose one cold winter day. He said: "I haf carry dot nose forty year, and he never freeze himself before. I don't understand dis ting."

In England several legal actions have been brought by parties who have been obliged to stand in railroad cars because there were no vacant seats. The Judge has refused in these cases to allow merely nominal damages, but has held that the plaintiffs are entitled to substantial damages for their deprivation of the accommodation which the defendants had undertaken to provide.

The most startling fashion in fall hats for ladies appears to be the lid of an old-fashioned hair trunk, ornamented with an old gold feather. But you can't spoil the beauty of a woman's face, no matter what you crown it with. —[New Haven Register.]

"I am a Methodist," pleaded the prisoner before a Police Judge the other day. "All right," said the Judge, "we'll put you on probation." Which by interpretation is, he was held for trial.

This is game season, and we want to caution our sportsmen that it is just about as safe to pull a gun over the fence by the muzzle as it is to lead a mule out of the stable by the tail.

Private credit is wealth; public honor is security. The feather that adorns the royal bird supports its flight. Strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth.

A tender conscience is an estimable blessing—that is, a conscience not only quick to discern what is evil, but instantly to shun it, as the eyelid closes itself against the mote.

A Kansas woman who was called "homely as a hedge-fence" sued the slanderer, and received only six cents damages. Kansas hedge-fences are not so bad looking.

Did you ever attempt to kiss a sweet, ardent mouth in the dark, and make the embarrassing error of landing your lips on the end of a frigid nose?

A grumbling politician sings:—
"I never stepped up to a bar,
And antled up the shining chink,
But half a dozen bones were there
To line me in the coming drink."

Endorsed by the people as a safe, reliable, harmless and cheap remedy, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

How to Blush With Ease.

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KENTUCKY PRESS TALK.

JUST SO.
The anti-Tilden press will now have a sorry time patching up excuses for the defeat of "the only man who could win." —[Madisonville Times.]

HARD ENOUGH NOW.
They say Garfield's election means hard money. If it's going to be any harder than the little we've been getting, a cold chisel would batter its edge into a brad trying to gouge it out. —[Glasgow Times.]

THE BEST WAY TO SETTLE DEBTS.
Tennessee newspapers and politicians are still discussing how the State debt shall be settled. Horace Greeley pointed out that the way to resume specie payment was to resume, and Tennessee will find that the best way to settle her debt is to pay. —[Evening Post.]

PROUD OF DEFEAT.
They say the tariff plank in our platform is what beat us. If that is true, we ought to be proud of our defeat. We have the satisfaction of knowing that we fought bravely to protect the masses of the people from the greedy claws of a few thousand legalized extortionists. —[Winchester Sun.]

THE NEXT GOVERNOR.
From the beginning of his canvass to its close, Col. Jones was engaged in the great work of Democracy. No doubt the party will hold him in grateful remembrance, and when the next election for Governor comes on will elevate him to the highest office within the gift of the people of the State. —[Midway Clipper.]

"He was a kind parent, a good citizen, and had three horses that could beat 2:30," is considered about the right thing for an obituary in Kentucky. —[Northern Paper.]

From Sassafras, Kent Co., Md.—I sell as much of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup as of all other cough remedies combined. J. E. Hartley, Druggist.

The evil that men do lives after them. Cows likewise do not give oleomargarine until they are dead.

"What miserable little eggs! Take 'em out, Jane, and let the hen set on 'em a little longer."

PROFESSIONAL.

B. J. BRECKINRIDGE, JR., B. J. BRECKINRIDGE, JR., BRECKINRIDGE & BRECKINRIDGE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, STANFORD, KY. OFFICE ON LANCASTER ST. 445-17

THOMAS P. HILL, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW, STANFORD, KY. Will practice in the Courts of this and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Office on Lancaster Street. 441-17

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JAMES G. GIVENS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LOUISVILLE, - - - KENTUCKY. Practices in all the Courts. Collections promptly made. 441-17

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S. S. MYERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, STANFORD, KY. Office with Judge Phillips in the Court-house Square.

T. W. VARNON, WALLACE E. VARNON, T. W. & W. E. VARNON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, STANFORD, KY. Office in Court Square.

SAM. M. BURDETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, MT. VERNON, KY. Will practice his profession in Rockcastle and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections.

L. E. HUFFMAN, SURGEON DENTIST, STANFORD, KY. Office—South side Main Street, two doors above the Myers Hotel. Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when required. \$10 FOR A DENTIST.

R. C. MORGAN, D. D. S., DENTIST, A PRACTITIONER OF TWENTY YEARS with a liberal Dental qualification, hopes to merit a liberal practice. He will attend each County Court at Lancaster, and remain one week. Residence: Lebanon, Columbia, Hamiltonville, etc. Dental Rooms: In W. H. Crain's cottage, third residence above St. Asaph Hotel, Main St., Stanford, Ky. (See Sign.) 441-17

JOHN H. CRAIG,
—WITH—
SHIPLEY, CRANE & CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
BOOTS AND SHOES

Nos. 98 and 100 West Pearl Street,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

H. C. RUPLEY
Merchant Tailor,
MAIN STREET, - - - STANFORD, KY.

HAVING PURCHASED THE INTEREST OF MR. O. R. MARSHALL IN THE FIRM OF Marshall & Rupley, I can be found at the old stand, where I have just received a fine line of

FRENCH AND ENGLISH SUITINGS,
Which I will make up in first-class style and at the lowest prices. I have permanently located in Stanford, and all I ask is a trial. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance or no sale.

Cutting and Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.

Thankful for past favors, I hope, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

Very Respectfully,
H. C. RUPLEY.

M'ALISTER & LYTLE.

We secured before the advance in
Woolens a Large Invoice of

Jeans, Flannels,

Etc., and offer at Low Prices:

60 Bolts of Jeans,

1,000 yds. White & Col-

ored Linseys,

1,000 yds. White & Col-

ored Flannels.

Our stock of Fall Prints, Bleached
and Brown Cotton and Furnishing
Goods is Very Attractive.

Custom-Made Boots and Shoes from
the Best Factories in the West have
been received for the Fall Trade.

We make a Specialty of Ladies' Fine
Shoes.

New Trunks just received.

McAlister & Lytle.

THE census returns show the population of Massachusetts to be 1,783,986. Of this number 924,565 are women, an excess over the males of 66,044. No wonder the school marmos of that State seek other scenes.

THE *Boston Journal* describes John Kelly to a dot when it says that "he is a Democrat for revenue only."

CALLLOWAY is the banner county of Kentucky. The election returns show that Hancock received 1,187 votes, while Mr. Garfield did not get a single one.

—A Chicago firm has had a special car built, in which its two drummers will travel, taking all their samples and sleeping on board. The roads charge forty cents a mile for transportation.

—Kenward Philp, the alleged forger of the so-called letter of Garfield to Morey, favoring Chinese labor, has been held in \$5,000 bail to answer the charges of forgery and criminal libel.

—The American Bible Society's meeting, held here Sunday night at the Christian church, was a failure. Rev. Savage, the state agent for the institution, was not present, and several of the churches had neglected to take up contributions. After considerable palavering and consultation the meeting adjourned to meet on the 4th Sunday night of this month at the same place.

houses, but cold ones. They are to be
 ited.
 —Miss May Adams, of Paint Lick Academy, is here on a visit to her parents.....
 Dr. John J. Otter, of the firm of Otter &
 Co., Louisville, is here on a visit to his
 brother, J. H. Otter.....Capt. W. A. Collier,
 Louisville, was in town Monday night
Mr. Alva Pullins, of Garrard, and Mr.
 Jones, of Madison, were visiting friends
 this county last Sunday.

ING AND PAINTING.

TERMS MODERATE.

In Tuition, prices range from \$25 to \$50 in the regular Departments. Primary, \$25; Intermediate \$35; Preparatory, \$40, and Collegiate, \$50.

For full particulars, as to Board, &c., address
MRS. S. C. TRUEHEANT, Principal
Stanford, Lincoln Co., N. Y.

